

As a Member of this body who represents a tobacco growing area, I worked to ensure that this is balanced legislation. This is not a perfect bill, but it does represent an approach that considers the impact on those whose livelihoods depend on farming tobacco. North Carolina is the largest tobacco producing state in the Nation and my district is in the top three of overall production. We cannot simply ignore the economic impact that this crop represents to our state, and in this legislation we have not done so.

Tobacco remains a legal product, but we need to protect our Nation's children from its effects. H.R. 1256 puts in place uniform marketing standards and controls, as well as ensuring that the marketing is straightforward, and that the ingredients are properly disclosed.

While this bill will go a long way in protecting our Nation's children from tobacco, it allows our Nation's tobacco farmers to continue their way of life. As the Chairman has assured me in our colloquy on the House floor, this legislation will keep FDA off the farm.

I urge my colleague's to protect our Nation's children and support our Nation's farmers. I urge my colleagues to vote yes on H.R. 1256.

IN HONOR OF HULET HORNBECK

**HON. GEORGE MILLER**

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, April 2, 2009*

Mr. GEORGE MILLER of California. Madam Speaker, I rise today to commend to my colleagues an article in the Martinez News Gazette, my hometown paper, that beautifully captures the wonderful contributions that Hulet Hornbeck has made to the environment and open space in our portion of the East Bay of San Francisco.

The article is entitled, "Life, Love and the Great Outdoors," dated February 28–March 1, 2009.

I have known Hulet for many, many years and I have always admired him as a great leader and an avid defender of the environment. He understood many years ago just how important it is to protect open space for generations to come. He has been a leader in our community in acquiring lands for public use and creating magnificent recreational and open space opportunities for young and old alike.

We owe a debt of gratitude to Hulet for his lifelong work and I am proud to be able to rise today to publicly thank Hulet for his vision and for his tireless efforts on behalf of our community.

[From the Martinez News-Gazette, Feb. 28–March 1, 2009]

LIFE, LOVE AND THE GREAT OUTDOORS

HULET HORNBECK WAS INSTRUMENTAL IN EXPANDING EAST BAY REGIONAL PARKS, THE LARGEST PARK AGENCY IN THE NATION

(By Greta Mart)

At his serene, wooded home in Muir Oaks, Hulet Hornbeck looks out at the horse pastures and wildflower-blanketed hills and savors the sound of silence.

"It's the sound of wind, of birds, or simply the trees rustling, I love it," Hornbeck said, standing on his wooden deck that hugs his

one-story house, in which comforting silence permeates. Inside a fire burns quietly in a large stone hearth; non-fiction books are stacked three feet high and four feet deep on the grand piano, oriental rugs dot the hardwood floor, and 50 years of treasures, travel mementos and memories decorate the walls.

In October he will turn 90. A lifetime of adventure, good works and good luck has kept him spry, handsome and spirited. He is one more Martinez resident—one you might see at the store or on Main Street—who holds in his heart an extraordinary character, and if you enjoy the plentiful open space and parkland around the area, you would understand how important his efforts are to you today.

On Thursday he regaled this reporter with an abridged life story.

Born in New Jersey in 1919, Hornbeck spent his first decade in Detroit, until his father abandoned the family at the start of the Great Depression. His mother moved him and his younger sister back to New Jersey to be closer to her two sisters, who provided "some degree of comfort," said Hornbeck.

There, in a suburb of Newark, he shared a bed with a cousin and his sister went to a friend's house while his mother went to work in a factory. During his teenage years, Hornbeck's mother worked her way up the socioeconomic ladder, segueing into sales and earning enough to move the family into a four-story walkup in Bloomfield.

"I liked it, because we could finally live together, and I got good exercise going up and down the stairs," said Hornbeck. "My mother was quite liberal with me, never telling me that I couldn't do something. If I said I wanted to sleep on the roof, she said okay, but tie a rope around your ankle so you don't sleepwalk off."

FALLING IN LOVE WITH THE GREAT OUTDOORS

He was befriended by a local Boy Scout troupe leader, and soon was accompanying groups on camping trips in the Ramapo Mountains. Hornbeck's mother and aunts liked to hike, and with little money and no car, hiking was a frequent form of entertaining excursions for the family. There was still a great deal of open space and nature in New Jersey in the 1930s, said Hornbeck, before the freeways and industrialization obliterated the landscape.

When his mother purchased a used car, the family took its first vacation, down to Cape May in the southern tip of New Jersey. There they stayed in a boardinghouse, and Hornbeck, at age 17, was so impressed with this new environment he asked his mother if he could stay on there for the summer. She told him to go to the hotel across the street and ask for a job.

"I asked the guy if I could wash dishes, and he made me a bus boy. At that time there weren't a lot of restaurants and such, the hotel fed three meals a day to a lot of people, it was a big dinning hall with the girl waitresses lined up against one wall and the boys on the other," Hornbeck. "There was a separate smaller dinning room, where a big family would sit for meals, curtained off from the main hall. They had their own waitresses and bus boys. My boss told me it was the Ambassador to Great Britain and his family."

The U.S. Ambassador to England at the time was Joseph Kennedy and the children Hornbeck watched meal after meal were Robert, Teddy, Rosemary and the four youngest siblings of JFK. JFK wasn't there, as he was already in his 20s at that point and was studying at Harvard.

"I remember saying to my coworkers, you watch, those kids are going to be something else," said Hornbeck.

A small inheritance from a Unitarian Universalist minister, a suitor of his mother's,

then sent Hornbeck to prep school at the Newark Academy.

"He had asked my mother to marry him, but then he died, so for \$50 a month, I got a whole different viewpoint and knowledge for two years," said Hornbeck. "It opened my eyes. After that I hitchhiked to Maine with a friend and we slept in the woods. I got cleaned up in a gas station and went to the registrar of the University of Maine and asked if I could attend. He was impressed that we had come all that way and he said, you're in, just like that."

His time in Maine was spent studying Forestry and luxuriating in the great outdoors, spending school breaks in the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

WORLD WAR II

But the looming clouds of war were gathering and Hornbeck, after his sophomore year, told his friends and family there would be a war in Europe, and he was going to join the military.

"I told them I wanted to be trained by the time it started, and that I wanted to fight in the air, not ground," said Hornbeck. "I joined the Army Air Corps, and was sent to cadet school. They saw pretty quickly that I didn't have good eye/hand coordination, and that I liked mathematics, so they made me a navigator."

Pan American Airlines operated one of the few aerial navigation schools at the time, in Coral Gables, Florida, and Hornbeck studied there until November of 1941, when the Air Corps shipped half of his class to Salt Lake City. There his platoon was, introduced to the brand-new B 17 "Flying Fortress" bombers they would soon be flying in the Pacific Theater.

On December 6, Hornbeck was at Hamilton Field in San Francisco, ready to ship out to the Philippines, with a stop in Honolulu, the next day.

"I was still in my blue cadet's uniform, and right before take-off we heard, 'you can't go,' something has happened," said Hornbeck. "Well, we took off that night I steered us all the way to Hawaii using the compass and drift meter, getting a fix on the stars, and suddenly we were right off of Diamond Head [on the island of Oahu]."

Soon he was part of the famed Reconnaissance Squadrons that plied the South Pacific for the next three years, serving as the eyes of General McCarthy and Fleet Admiral Nimitz, and using his navigation skills to locate the Japanese naval fleet in the vast ocean waters.

After the war Hornbeck returned to the States to earn a law degree at Rutgers University courtesy of the G.I. Bill.

"While we were in the South Pacific, I asked a buddy, where's a good Western town to go live when this is over. He said Boise, Idaho," said Hornbeck. "Sure enough, I got myself to Boise and met Mary-Lynn." The two were married for 50 years until Mary-Lynn's death twelve years ago.

MOVING TO MARTINEZ

The pair first lived in New York City, and soon Hornbeck requested a transfer to San Francisco. They rented a house in Pleasant Hill, until Mary-Lynn found their home in Muir Oaks.

"She said, you don't even have to come look at it, it was built for you," said Hornbeck.

Mary-Lynn attended DVC, and then U.C. Berkeley, while raising their two children, Jane and Lawrence, and teaching fourth grade at John Muir Elementary for 20 years.

"It took her several years to get her degree, because she only went to classes at night or on the weekends, she never attended a full semester. When she was finally finished, she said I'm too embarrassed to go get